

FIFTY-SIXTH SEASON.

The Handel and Haydn Society

AND

Mr. GEORGE DOLBY'S Company of Eminent London Vocalists

IN ORATORIO.



The Words of Handel's Oratorio,

JUDAS MACCABÆUS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On SUNDAY EVENING, November 26, 1871.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Miss Edith Wynne,

Madame J. G. Patey,

Mr. Wm. H. Cummings,

Mr. J. G. Patey, and

Mr. SANTLEY.

The FULL CHORUS OF THE SOCIETY, a LARGE ORCHESTRA, and

THE GREAT ORGAN.

B. J. LANG, . Organist.

CARL ZERRAHN, . . . Conductor.

TICKETS (with secured Seats), at \$2.00 and \$1.50, according to location. General Admission, \$1.00.

The Hall will be opened at 6 1-2 o'clock. Oratorio will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely.

HANDEL'S JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

PART I.

OVERTURE.

CHORUS.

Mourn, mourn, ye afflicted children, the
remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains;
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er,
Your Hero, Friend, and Father is no more.

DUET.

From this dread scene, these adverse powers,
Ah! whither shall we fly?
O Solyma,
Thy boasted towers in smoky ruins lie.

RECITATIVE. (*Simon.*)

Not vain is all this storm of grief, —
To vent our sorrows gives relief!
Wretched indeed! but let not Judah's race
Their ruin with desponding arms embrace.
Distractful doubt and desperation
I'll become the chosen nation,
Chosen by the Great *I Am!*
The Lord of Hosts, who still the same,
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of prayer.

AIR.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain His Love.

CHORALE.

O Father! whose Almighty pow'r
The Heavens, and Earth, and Seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite.

FUGUE. *Allegro.*

And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

I feel the Deity within,
Who the bright Cherubim between
His radiant glory erst displayed;
To Israel's distressful prayer
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid;
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory!

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave, a noble cause,
The cause of Heaven; your zeal demands
In defence of your nation, religion and
laws,
The almighty Jehovah will strengthen your
hands.

CHORUS.

We come! we come! in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

RECITATIVE AND AIR. (*Judas.*)

'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, fam'd of old
For their exploits in war! O, may their fire
With active courage you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the Sun,
Till kings he had destroyed, and kingdoms
won.

AIR.

Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war;
Great is the glory of the conquering sword,
That triumphs in sweet Liberty restored.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel,
For blessings on this exemplary zeal.
Bless him, Jehovah, bless him, and once
more,
To thy own Israel, liberty restore.

AIR.

O Liberty! thou choicest treasure;
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure,
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECITATIVE. (*Judas.*)

So will'd my father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest:
"Can ye behold," said he, "the miseries
In which the long insulted Judah lies?
Can ye behold the dire distress,
And not at least attempt redress?"
Then faintly, with expiring breath, —
"Resolve, my sons, on liberty or death."

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

We come; O see thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war,
With hearts intrepid and revengeful hands,
To execute, O sire! thy dread commands.

CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah, all nations may
know.

RECITATIVE. (*Judas.*)

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the Lord, our strength and
shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord! on thee we call,
Resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall.

PART II.

CHORUS.

Fall'n is the foe! so fall thy foes, O Lord!
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous
sword.

RECITATIVE, DUET AND CHORUS.

Well may we hope our freedom to receive,
Such sweet transporting joys thy actions give.
Sion now her head shall raise;
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

O, let eternal honors crown his name;
Judas first worthy on the rolls of fame.
"He put on the breastplate like a giant,
And girt his warlike harness about him.
In his acts he was like a lion,
And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey!"

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile;
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her Hero's fame.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Hail, Judea, happy land,
Salvation prospers in his hand.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Thanks to my brethren; but look up to
Heaven!
To Heav'n let glory and all praise be giv'n;

To Heav'n give your applause, nor add the
second cause,

As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The sword of God and Gideon."
It was the Lord that for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful salvation wrought.

AIR.

How vain is man, who boasts in fight
The valor of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides this weak machine.

RECITATIVE. (*Messenger.*)

O Judas! O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war in all their horrors
rise!
Prepare, or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus; from the Egyptian coast
(Where Ptolemy had Memphis and Pelusium
lost),
He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud, victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Every memorial of the sacred place.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Be comforted; nor think these plagues are
sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement!
Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin.
Turn to God, and draw a blessing
From his iron rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders his glory to raise,
As still as he thunders, is fearful in praise.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumean governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets
sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around,
Who listeth, follow to the field again,
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear the pleasing, dreadful call,
And follow thee to conquest; if to fall,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
With wild delusion pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the Queen of Heaven;
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driven!
Or be she with her priests and pageants
hurled

To the remotest corner of the world,
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

AIR.

Wise men, flattering, may deceive you
With their vain, mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart;
But true wisdom can relieve you,
God-like wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

DUET.

O! never, never bow we down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone;
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone;
We worship God, and God alone.

PART III.

AIR.

Father of Heaven! from thy eternal throne,
Look with an eye of blessing down,
While we prepare with holy rites
To solemnize the Feast of Lights,
And thus our grateful hearts employ;
And in thy praise
This altar raise
With carols of triumphant joy.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long woes may
cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm of
peace;
Sons, brothers, husbands, to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at home, or havock'd in the war.

AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's Son.

CHORUS. (*Sopranos and Altos.*)

See the conquering Hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

DUET. (*Sopranos.*)

See the Godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the Hero's brow divine.

GRAND CHORUS.

See the conquering Hero, etc.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

RECITATIVE.

Peace to my countrymen;
Peace! and Liberty!
From the great senate of imperial Rome,
With a firm league of amity I come:
Rome, whate'er nation dare insult us more,
Will rouse in our defence her vet'ran powers,
And stretch her vengeful arm by land and
sea,
"To curb the proud and set the injured
free."

DUET.

O lovely Peace, with plenty crown'd,
Come, spread thy blessings all around.
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.

AIR. (*Bass.*)

Rejoice, O Judah! and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious
join.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.